

Brought into existence but five years ago, through the generosity of Mother Katharine Drexel of Philadelphia, and the energy and devotion of Reverend Isidore Ricklin and the Sisters of St. Francis, the institution has leaped from infancy to a position of recognized influence over the entire reservation. Its progress has been phenomenal, its labors well blessed and its efforts in the interest of religion and education crowned with the brightest jewel of success.

To spend a day as its welcome guest, to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in the chapel with the children, to witness their respectful bearing and behavior in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament is sufficient to mellow the heart of a heathen and furnish food for a christian soul.

On the playground and in the yard the labor of patience is no less apparent; meet the pupils when you will or where you will and up goes the little hand to

remove the hat -to emphasize the respectful reply of "Good morning, sir."

The words of the Reverend Joseph Van Hulse in the absence of the Right Reverend Bishop Meerschaert were appropriate indeed, when at the close of the exercises, he stated in his remarks that the Reverend Isidore Ricklin had made many wonderful improvements in the exterior appearance of the mission, still the greatest improvement was betrayed in the appearance of the pupils. That the mission is crowded beyond comfortable capacity there is no doubt nor wonder, but we learn that through the influence of Reverend Mother Agnes of Philadelphia, Reverend Mother Katharine Drexel has signified her intention of making additional improvements at an early date that will materially lighten the labor of the Sisters and permit the institution to commence the next term better prepared for teaching the Indians of the reservation than ever.

✻ ✻ A REMINISCENCE. ✻ ✻

"The good shepherd giveth his life for his flock; the hireling fleeth."

At the first indication of coming trouble in November, 1890, all the outlying schools and mission stations on Pine Ridge reservation had been abandoned, and teachers, farmers and missionaries had fled to the agency to seek the protection of the troops, all but the members of the Drexel Catholic Mission, five miles northwest from the agency. Here the two or three priests and five Franciscan sisters remained quietly at their post, with a hundred little children among them, safe in the assurance of the "hostiles" that they would not be molested. While the fighting was going on at Wounded Knee and hundreds of furious

warriors were firing into the agency, where the handful of whites were shivering in spite of the presence of troops and police, these gentle women and the kindly old German priest, Father John Jutz, were looking after the children, feeding the frightened fugitive women, and tenderly caring for the wounded Indians who were being brought in from Wounded Knee and the agency. Throughout all these weeks of terror they went calmly about the duties to which they had consecrated their lives, and kept their little flock together and their school in operation without the presence of a single soldier, completely cut off from the troops and the agency and surrounded by thousands of wild Indians.